

PRESIDENT FOX'S DYED HORSE

Kindly Left by a Thief in Exchange for Good One—Rain Makes Bay a Roan.

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FREEPORT, L. I., April 30.—When Otto, the German farmhand employed by John Fox, President of the Democratic Club in Manhattan, at his Summer home, Foxhurst, here, drives to the village nowadays the small boys shout at him from the roadside, "Paint!" This is why:

Mr. Fox works a beautiful farm in conjunction with his Summer place here to the quality of whose product many of the Democratic leaders of New York can bear testimony. For the necessary work he keeps three fine draught horses. Otto is in charge. Spring planting has been going on some time, although Mr. Fox has not opened his residence yet, and Otto, the farmhand, has been alone in authority.

Under his management things have progressed finely, and Otto was waiting the arrival of Mr. Fox with the pleasurable anticipation of a steward who has discharged his duties well. Two or three days ago Otto knocked off farm work and drove into town to do some necessary shopping.

He harnessed up the big bay, one of the finest of the farm horses, and came into the village. He stopped at the general store and the Post Office, got a bolt of calico for his wife and some tobacco for himself, and then set out on the homeward journey. Up to then the sky had been cloudless, but while he was still a mile or so from home the heavens quickly became overcast and presently rain fell in torrents.

Otto whipped up the nag, hunched his shoulders under his broad-brimmed hat, and prepared to make the best of things. The rain poured down on his horse's back, which presently glistened beneath its coating of water. Soon, however, a peculiar spot appeared on the off fore-shoulder. It grew wider in circumference and more and more distinctly noticeable as the minutes went by.

Otto watched it, fascinated. Then, of a sudden, a second spot appeared on the animal's haunch. It grew alarmingly, and Otto turned the horse about and drove at full speed to the village veterinary. By the time he arrived, however, the forehead of his nag had turned white and the other spots also shone out colorless.

It took only one look for the veterinary to pronounce the word "dye." He and Otto went over the animal with a curry-comb, and the color rubbed off in several spots. Shorn of its artificial splendor, the poor nag stood forth a sorry imitation of the prize of Mr. Fox's work horses, and Otto realized that somehow somebody had got into the Fox stables, stolen the good horse, and left a wretched substitute in its place. The substitute horse had been so well made to appear like the horse that had been stolen that Otto had never even suspected the deception.

Otto reported the affair to the police force, and the force has spent two days whittling a stick and thinking it over. The thieves are still at large.